

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, October 10, 1913, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. IN THE WOODS. Chevy Chase, Maryland. Friday, Oct. 10 (1913). My Darling Sandisan:

I haven't treated you well in the writing line, but neither time nor means were handy.

I come in early every morning and return late. I am writing now on Kalorama Rd. at 9 A. M. while I wait for some one else to appear. It is slow work getting things in order and the school won't be ready by the 15. It might have, had I come down earlier. For one thing the playground has to be done over again according to the supervisor. He says the gravel stones are so large the children will break every window in the neighborhood. I think he has an exalted idea of the prowess of four year old babies. We have had to get such a lot of things, desks for the teachers, bookcases, curtains and it took a whole day to decide about the note-books and that isn't decided yet. Each teacher has her own perforated note-book on which she records observations on each child, which observations are after school torn off and stuck on books bearing the individual child's name. In this way a complete history written by every teacher who has the handling of it will be built up and thus the teachers will be assisted in dealing with the child and can really judge of its progress.

Miss George said these rough notes need not be kept, only a resumé made every Sat., but I say that the rough notes are the most 2 important thing, the things from which independent judgements can be formed, the resumé would simply be the impression of whoever made it.

I shall be ready to leave by the 16. Only what do you I was just thinking that Sarah Marsh's wedding was on the 20, and it didn't seem kindly not to wait for it, but it isn't till the 25,

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which is a different matter. I feel so sorry for her and Auntie Kittie, they are in such a storm of family disapproval. One member did not hesitate to say it was disgraceful of her not to consider the family honor, but the family would never do anything for her if she did, so I can't see the obligation. The only thing I think really dreadful about it is Sarah's life with a man intellectually her inferior, who would not even know what she had given up for him. For they say he has never been away from his own mountain home before. If only he had come up before as I urged, he could gauge better what she gives up for him and be more sympathetic, not knowing, all the love in the world wouldn't help, and she was brought up in an extra superfine atmosphere of books and intellectual refinement. I wish you could write her. I wouldn't ask this for anyone else.

Lovingly, Mabel. Many thanks for your letter.